

Neill. It is no less apportant than the announcement that he will star Miss Julia Dean, whom Salt Lake contributed to the dramatic ranks, during the season of 1902-3.

It was Neill who first intrusted important stage roies to Blanche Bates and brought Julia Arthur from the ranks of society to stage success and prominence. That he has now discovered in the clever and popular ingenue of his company for the past three years stellar material will not be altogether surprising to her local friends, who have watched her career upwards sangulaely and with great interest. It will be gratifying knowledge, at least. After stating his determination to star Miss Dean, Mr. Neill writes: "I have selected for her R. Marshall's comedy of romance, 'A Royal Family.' The plot of the play concerns a princess and a prince. She (the princess) has read 'Romeo and Juliet' and would, if love were all, marry none but the man of her heart. But she is a princess, and duty, as she regards it, is stronger than love. And so to keep her father's kingdom from warring with its neighbor, she consents to wed the neighboring prince, 'unsight and unscen, as it were. But the young courtier who comes to plead his royal master's suit is indeed the prince himself, disguised and put in the way of this relicitous subterringe by a wise old cardinal, who knows more than his books.

"The princess icses her heart to the

cardinal, who knows more than his books.

"The princess icses her heart to the courtier, who has already showered upon her his declarations of love, and not until just as the dreaded betrothal ceremony is to be sealed does she discover that she is marrying the man she loves and that the courtier and the prince are one and the same."

Mr. Neill adds that Miss Dean's tour will be under the direction of Charles Astor Parker, indicating that a specially engaged company, rather than the Neill stock, will be her support.

Daniel Frohman has managed theatrical stars and leading dramatic
companies of this country ever since
he became a manager. Some of the
greatest names of the stage have been
connecte; with his in the past dozen
years. He first brought Mr. and Mrs.
Kendal to this country, was Oiga
Nethersole's manager when she was
new to America, directed the tours-of
Modjeska and introduced E. H. Sothern and Bertha Galland to the theatregoing public. And now Mr. Frohman
is promoting Miss Hilda Spong, the
beautiful eastern actress, who, supported by his stock company from
Daly's theatre, New York, comes to
the theatre the last two nights of this
week.
Mr. Frohman's principal reason for

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Ed Scarce, a former Salt Lake singer, is in the chorus of "Florodora" at the Casino, New York.

Viola Allen begins her fourth season as a star in Hartford, Conn., Sept. 16, playing "In the Palace of the King."

One of those mistakes attributed to the composing room made the name of Si Goodfriend, in advance of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," appear as S. "Poorfriend" in the theatre programme during the Salt Lake engagement. Mr. Goodfriend was wild. nis triends shrieked with laughter.

Four notable attractions of the season have been well launched in the past two weeks. They are Otis Skinner in "Francesca da Rimini," William Faversham in "A Royal Rival," J. H. Stoddart in "The Bonnie Briar Bush" and James K. Hackett in "Don Caesar's Return."

Rostand's play "Samaratine," recently produced in Rome, is said to be a failure, due largely to the condemnation of it on the ground that it is sacrilegious.'

Marie Tempest has produced her version of "Becky Sharp" in London, where she appeared last week in the title role with great success, according to the cable dispatches from there. More reliable reports will be awaited, however, as the cables are not as authentic in matters theatrical as they might be.

Olga Nethersole is said again to be a very sick woman, and to have abandoned all intention of returning to the stage in the near future. It was recently announced that she had bought from Clyde Fitch the rights for England and all Europe in his dramatization of "Sapho," and intended to act in the play in Paris.

Mark Smith, who, for the past three seasons has become a big favorite for his clever enactment of the role of "Zaza's" theatrical partner in Mrs. Carter's company, is to return to his old love, the comic opera field, this year, having signed as one of the supporting company with Lulu Glaser.



MISS JULIA DEAN, WHO WILL JOIN THE STELLAR BANKS NEXT YEAR UNDER JAMES NEILL'S DIRECTION.

Sullivan's Last Opera a Melancholy Consolation. By Allan Dale.

ONDON, Aug. 8 .- Sir Arthur Sullivan left us a gorgeons legacy of laughter-provoking, mirth-teasing music. We thanked him for it when he gave it to us. We shall always thank him for it. But this eternal gratitude need not blind us to the fact that Sir Arthur's muse had begun to flag long before he left this vale.

A sense of loyalty is a very neat thing to own, but truth is better. It is more satisfactory in the long run, and it looks neater on record. The Londoners gushed over "The Emerald Isle" when it was done at the Savoy theatre. Critics threw up their adjectival hats and there was a big hurrah when Sir Arthur's last and not quite finished work was presented.

I saw it last night at the Savoy theatre, and I will say right here, and with no beating about the bush, that a drearier, gloomier, more unappetizing and absolutely depressing thing I have never sat through.

It was finished, you know, by Edward German, but when you see it you don't feel inclined to worry about the man who finished it. You are too vexed that it was begun. It was not the Sullivan of "Mikado," "Patience," "Pinafore," "Pirates" and "Gondoliers" renown who did "The Emerald Isle."

It was the saplent musician who gave to London the now luckily forgottem "Grand Duke," that New York never saw. (And New York had the best of it.)

Sullivan, toward the close of his career, seemed to despise the gay and

'He Was an Englishman."

He began to struggle for the good, heavy, opaque music that is considifuctor."

His soul ran out to meet interminable recitatif and ambised description. He tried to kick away the ladder that reared him glory-

wards.

He reminded me of Nat Goodwin, who grew fat and rich with farce, and then turned round, gave it a slap in the face, and invited the world to come and see him play Shylock. What fools these mortals be! A generous Providence casts certain gifts into the very lap of a man, and the man, when he has had his fill, turns up his nose at them and derides them.

"The Emeraid Isle, or the Caves of Carric-Cleana," is, of course, "good" music. Technical gentlemen, with their tousled hair a-hanging down their back, will revel in its brilliancy of orchestration and all that sort of thing.

But you and I, who are not technical, and who worshiped at the shrine of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, will repine at this stoigy mess, which is without humor, without appeal and without inspiration.

It is played upon a dark green stage; the characters are dull and unamusing, and at the close of the opera you haven't the faintest idea what it is all about, and wouldn't go round the corner to ferret out that idea, even if you knew that you could find it there.

Occasionally you get a glimmer of Sullivanism. There is a patter song satirizing the "imitation-ness" of everything, that recalls the composer in his happier days. It is like a lucid moment in the sad wanderings of delirium.

Yet you feel inordinately thankful for it. In the old operas it round to

delirium.

Yet you feel inordinately thankful for it. In the old operas it would have been looked upon as exceedingly commonplace. In "The Emerald Isle" it is a boon, for it awakens echoes. There are other songs that stand out amid the gloom of the work, and you quite realize that they were written by a musician. But they do not amuse.

They seem to testify to the fact that if Sir Arthur had lived ten years longer he would simply have added to the dolefulness of the world. I don't care for dolefulness—either dramatic or operatic—and I hold that when a man has won renown by his gifts as a mirth-maker he is doing a thankless thing when he affects to look askance at them.

"The Emerald Isle" reminds me of a Chauncey Olcott production, dished up with grand opera sauce, and p'us Chauncey in recitatif. But the story is not at all like those of the primitive plays that find favor in West Fourteenth street.

The characters in "The Emerald Isle" include a ponderous lord lieuten.

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The characters in "The Emerald Isle" include a ponderous lord lieutenant of Ireland (who is ponderous without being funny), his private chaplain, a young rebel, an inane "professor" who is supposed to supply comedy, but who simply gets upon one's nerves; a fiddler, a countess, her daughter, some peasants and some soldiers.

One act occurs outside the lord lieutenant's country residence; the other outside the caves of Carric-Cleena. And now you know just as much about "The Emerald Isle" as I. do. You have the advantage of me, because you haven't seen it, and I have.

New York had an Irish opera of its own, in the shape of "Brian Boru." which, charming as it was, did not, if I mistake not, establish a record. "Brian Boru" is the acme of joy com pared with "The Emerald Isle."

Ither overa has certainly gone to be dogs when this latest Sullivan work are being completed to waste its eathusta m upon a mere commonplace Irish jig. And yet this is the only ray of light to the Savoy theatre.

It is a good jig, and it is well dar ced. It is a right-down, regular Irish whole evening upon it!

Basil Hood wrote the book of "The Emerald Isle," and he also, I imagine, tried to be "good" and to whip a naugl ty, frivolous public. He certainly succeeded in dealing out chastisement. He is not what one might call a witty person.

"I thought I could trust you," says one character. "I think you have

tried to be "good that to the ceeded in dealing out chastleement. He is not what one might call a with person.

"I thought I could trust you," says one character. "I think you have trusted me," says the other, who has rope round his neck. That is Mr. Busil Hood's only facetious moment, and pe haps we can do without more of that calibre.

I'll confess that I was dismally depointed. I had floated on the wave of enthusiasm that rolled away from the first production of "The Emerald Isle." I went to the Savoy a comparatively laughing lad, and left it feeling at least 150 in the shade.

And (while on the stool of repentance) I'll whisper that I was forced to take a brief walk on the Strand, during the second act, because flesh and blood couldn't and wouldn't put up with the lugubriousness of the thing.

ALAN DALE.

then at Paris, a mass which made him generally known as a composer of unusual talent. After writing a number of religious pieces, including an oratorio ("La Sulamite") he scored his first success in comic opera with "Le Grand Mogul" (1877). After this foilowed in succession "La Saint Valentine," "Olivette," and "The Mascot." The latter immediately became one of the most popular works of its kind, and with its predecessor is still frequently heard. None of his later works ever equaled "Olivette" and "The Mascot" in popularity, or indeed in merit. These later operas include "Gillette de Narbon," "Les Pommes d'Or," "Miss Helyett" and "La Poupee."

At St. Mark's cathedral this morn-

At St. Mark's cathedral this morning Miss Alice Kidwell will sing "In Dreams I Heard the Seraphs Fair,' by Faure, and at the evening service "There is a Green Hill Far Away," by

At St. Paul's church today, Miss Arvilla Clark will sing "O Love Divine" by Nevin.

AN ARMY HORSE RACE.

The Mustang That Beat the Thor-

oughbred.
(Tip-of-the-Tongue in New York Press.)
War is not all tragedy. Our "boys" on both sides in the civil war found plenty both sides in the civil war found plenty of time between battles to amuse themselves with a variety of sports. In Kentucky there was some sort of horse race every time an army paused to take a long breath. On one occasion Lieutenant Saunders of the —th Kentucky matched his "Blue Grass" thoroughbred against a wiry little mustang owned by Captain Garland of the —th Texas for \$500 a side. Saunders was to ride his own horse, but the captain, being a large man, had to find a jockey for his mustang, and in looking among the troops chose a young private in Saunder's own regiment, a Louisville boy of the name of John Eston Keller, a cousin of the famous author, John Eston Cooke, who wrote "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," "Mohun," "Hammer and Rapier," etc. Keller weighed about ninety-five pounds, and in a joking spirit consented to take the mount.

The race was called on the following The race was called on the following day at 3 o'clock. Saunders was promptly at the post with his splendid brown mare, but no rider appeared for the Texan's mustang. "I got a young chap to promise to ride last night," said Captain Garland to the judges, "but he hasn't turned up. I don't remember his name, and don't know where to find him. Keller advanced from the crowd, saying: "I'm the person you are talking of, I reckon, but I thought the whole thing was a joke. Do you mean that you really want me to ride that mustang against Lieutenant Saunder's mare?" "Of course I do," returned the captain, "I mean business. It's a bona fide match, and if I don't run I pay forfeit. Get up." "Any tricks?" "No. Perfectly sensible little horse, and as honest as you are yourself. Do all you ask of him." When the signal was given the mare led off, with the mustang at her withers. day at 3 o'clock. Saunders was promptly

in the southern part of the state, and to go around twice. Soldiers thronged for the contestants. Passing the judges' stand on the first lap, the mustang was lying easily alongside the mare, not having lost an inch. Captain Garland shouted to Keller: "Go at him with your shouted to Keller: "Go at him with your whip! He'll stand punishment all the way home! Let him have it!" Mr. Keller, telling of the race the other day, said: "I knew he was a good little horse with the determination and grit of a buildog, so I lit into nim. I flogged him every step of the way home. In vain the mare tried to shake him off. Saunders whipped and spurred, rode with head, hands, arms and knees. My mount gradually crept up, and when he finished was a short neck in front. I reckon I was the most surprised man in the regiment, and in a few minutes the saddest, too. By winning that race I had broke every man in the command. I had broke every man in the command. The poor boys had bet their three months' pay on the mare, and all their tobacco, sugar, etc., blankets, pocket knives and nearly everything else that a soldier has about him. For a while I was mighty unpopular. Captain Garland wanted to divide his winnings with me, but I refused to take a cent. I told him I didn't want his money; that I had beaten my own boys out of it. But I was sorry afterward I did not take it and give it back to the boys. A good many thousand dollars changed hands." had broke every man in the command

A Stiff Barber.

A Stiff Barber.

(Evening Wisconsin.)

A man who has beer on a lecture tour through the south fells this story on himself. He was late in arriving in one of the cities in which he was booked, and had but half an hour to reach the hall where he was to give his entertainment. He needed a shave almost as much as he did his dinner, but he decided to cut out the latter. Going to his room he hang for a barber:

A bright looking boy came in and announced that he was the barber. Mr. Bingham sat down on a chair and told him to go ahead.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but would you mind lying down on the couch?"

"Why?" asked the astonished lecturer.

"Well sir you see, I am generally

"Well, sir, you see, I am generally sent to shave the corpses, and I can shave a man better when he is lying down."

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